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LOS ANGELES

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Mother to

Louisa Manchester

1830

12|6

WALTER'S VISIT TO THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

See page 74.

# WALTER O'NIEL;

OR,

# THE PLEASURE OF DOING GOOD.

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# WALTER O'NIEL.

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When Walter O'Niel was only five years old, his dear papa was taken from him by death; and in the space of one short year, the little boy was again in the church-yard, weeping beside the grave of his beloved mamma.

But although he was thus left alone on earth, Walter knew that he had one Friend who could not die, and who would be a father to

him; for he had been taught to love and fear God: and now he prayed earnestly for his care and pity, that he might be kept from sin, and one day meet his dear parents in heaven.

When Walter had ended his simple prayer he felt much comforted; laying his head on the new-made grave, and closing his tearful eyes, he soon forgot his sorrow in a happy sleep. And here let us leave him for a short time, and see what is going on at his home.

During Walter's absence, the lady and gentleman with whom he was henceforth to live, had arrived; and,

having taken some refreshment, proceeded to the church-yard, under the guidance of a domestic, to seek the little orphan boy, whom they already loved. Walter was still asleep, and the kind lady shed tears, as she stooped over him, and kissed his pale cheek. He suddenly awoke, and, stretching out his arms, exclaimed, "Mamma! mamma!"

"It is not your mamma, my darling," said she, raising him up. "*She* is in heaven."

For a moment he looked sorrowful, saying, "Oh yes! and papa too; but will *you* be my mamma? I think I should love you." He

put his arm around her neck and kissed her.

"Yes, Walter, dear," said the lady, "I will try and supply your mamma's place: and this gentleman, too, will you not love him?"

"Oh, yes," said Walter, holding out his little hand, and saying, "Mamma often told me not to grieve too much; for although she was going to leave me, I should still have some one to love me and take care of me,"

After a few days Walter was told he must leave his own home, and go to England with his uncle and aunt, as he called his kind friends. The

poor little boy was much grieved to hear this, as he loved the pretty cottage where he had lived so happily, and the pleasant garden, now so gay with flowers; but he did not complain, for he thought it might displease his uncle and aunt. But on the day before his departure, as he visited, for the last time, all his favourite haunts, and coaxed and fed his birds and rabbits, he could not conceal his grief; and sad was the face of the little boy, as he entered the church-yard, to cover again with fresh flowers the two graves, from which he could not bear to part.

Again and again did he read the

simple epitaphs, fearful of forgetting them; and then, seating himself between the mounds, he recalled the parting words of his mamma, and resolved, with God's help, not to forget or depart from the good principles which she had taught him.

At an early hour on the following morning the carriage conveyed little Walter from his native village. The new scenes through which he passed soon dispelled his grief; and, ere the day's journey was finished, he was quite cheerful, asking numberless questions, and gaining many new ideas.

From Waterford they took pas-

sage in a steamer for Bristol; and, when on board, Walter's curiosity knew no bounds. He had seen the sea before, it is true; but, as he said, "he was such a little boy then, he could scarcely remember it at all."

The steam-engine was such a new and wonderful thing, that he was never tired of examining it. Mr. Lovett explained its motion to him as simply as possible, and Walter soon understood how the steam from the boiling water forced *up* a large iron rod, called a piston, which fell again, on the steam beneath it being condensed; and this action being continued regularly, set the

whole machinery at work, turning the large paddle-wheels, which he had noticed on each side of the vessel. It was hard to say which pleased him most, to watch the busy engine, or the water, which, beaten by the revolving paddles, foamed, and frothed, and dashed its spray over him.

They remained but a short time at Bristol, as Mr. Lovett was anxious to reach his home, which was situated not far from the western shore of England.

Little Walter was delighted with the house and garden, which were both larger than those he had left:

and he thought he should soon be quite happy, if his papa and mamma did not lie quite so far off, as he could strew no more flowers over them now.

Walter regularly attended to his lessons, during the morning, with his aunt; and, as he was a quick child, and generally very attentive, it was quite a pleasure to teach him. At twelve o'clock he was allowed to play in the garden, or amuse himself as he pleased until dinner. The extremity of the garden was bounded by a small but rapid river, which soon mingled its waters with the sea; and on its banks, shaded by a

cluster of trees, our little boy would sit reading a favourite book, or playing with Wallace, a large dog, which he had been allowed to bring from Ireland. The love between Walter and his dog was mutual, and the child was always considered safe with his faithful friend to guard him.

One sultry day, as Walter was enjoying his snug retreat, he heard a rustling in the coppice, on the opposite side of the stream. After a little while he saw a boy push his way through the thick branches. He had a rod and line in his hand, and, seating himself on the bank, began leisurely to arrange

his tackle. Walter had never seen any one there before, and looked at the intruder with some curiosity. He seemed to be three or four years older than himself, and was tall and strong. He wore a short smock-frock, and his head had no covering but his rough uncombed hair: altogether Walter thought him an unpleasant-looking boy. After the lapse of a few minutes the bait was fixed, the line thrown upon the water, and the young fisherman began humming in a low tone to himself.

Walter had almost forgotten him, when he was startled by a shrill

voice calling, "Tom! Tom! where are you? You are an idle boy! Come home directly!"

Tom made no answer, but looked sulky, and said to himself, he would not go home to be beaten; but the calling continued, and seeming to approach, he got up slowly, and Walter soon lost sight of him, though he could hear an angry altercation going on between him and his mother.

"Poor boy!" thought Walter, "I wonder who he is. I fear he is not good, or he would have gone directly he was called: but he was afraid of being beaten. Perhaps his

mother is not kind to him. He looks very ragged and poor. I wish I could do anything for him."

Full of these charitable thoughts, he slowly returned to the house, revolving in his little mind many plans for benefitting poor Tom.

All his play-time was now spent by the river, in the hope of seeing Tom again, and not many days passed over before he had his wish. He watched him advancing, carrying something in his frock; but what was little Walter's horror, to see him take out two kittens, and tying them together, prepare to throw them into the water. Without wait-

ing to think, he called to him to stop, entreating him not to be so cruel as to kill them. Tom started at hearing his voice, but as soon as he saw the little boy's tearful face, he laughed aloud, quite disregarding his urgent reasons for saving the little kittens.

"It's all very well for you to talk, master," said Tom: "you who have plenty to eat and drink; but *we* can't afford to keep animals, when we are half-starving ourselves."

"Half-starving!" said Walter: "how very shocking! But you shall not starve; for I will give you

half of my dinner, if you will only save the kittens."

"No," said Tom, "they must die: so here they go." At which he threw them into the stream, at as great a distance from Walter as he could, and the tide rapidly carried them out of sight.

Much grieved, the kind-hearted Walter dried his eyes, and looking at Tom, who had sat down, and was munching a dry crust, he asked him if he lived near that place.

"Yes," said he. "Our cottage is just the other side of the wood. My father goes out fishing, and I often go with him."

"Do you," said Walter: "that must be very pleasant. I had a kind father once, but he is dead now."

"Indeed," said Tom, carelessly.

"Yes," returned Walter; "and then I lived in Ireland, which is over the sea, you know. It is a very different place from this."

"So," said Tom, with a sneer, "you are a little Paddy, are you?"

"I don't know what you mean by that," replied Walter, almost repulsed from making further advances by Tom's unpleasant manners. A long silence ensued, which

was at length broken by Tom asking Walter if he had ever seen a ferret. Walter replied in the negative, and wondered what it was.

"If you will come over to me," said Tom, "I will show you one. There are some stones in the river a little higher up, and you can step across them quite well."

Walter, uncertain whether his uncle would approve of his going, hesitated.

"Well, won't you come?" said Tom; "nothing will hurt you."

"I'm not afraid of that," said he; "but I must just run and ask Mr. Lovett."

"Nonsense!" said Tom. "There's no need of that: you know you can be back again in a minute."

Walter thought so too; and, as it was some distance to the house, he did not want the trouble of going; so he asked Tom to show him the stones he had spoken of. Under his direction he scrambled through the thick bushes, until Tom called to him to stop. He disengaged himself, and began cautiously to step from stone to stone, the rushing of the water making him feel giddy. Before he had reached the other side, conscience began to whisper that he was doing wrong. "I

do not think uncle would like it," thought he, stopping short.

"Well, and what's the matter now?" said Tom. "Come, you are just over."

"I can't go any further," said Walter.

"Why not?"

"Because I am afraid of doing wrong," said the little boy.

"Do not mind that," replied Tom. "Why I, who am so much bigger than you, never fear that." Walter looked shocked.

"Not afraid of sinning!" said he. "Do you not know that the great God is angry when we are naughty, and he sees all that we do?"

"I did not ask you to preach to me," said Tom, angrily. "If you are coming to see my ferret, make haste; but if not, I can't stay here; so good bye, Paddy."

"Stay, stay," cried Walter. "Do not be angry with me: I want to be kind to you."

Tom looked ashamed, and muttered an apology.

"I have a pretty little book," said Walter, "which I wish to give you, if you will read it."

Tom said he could only read a little, but he would try, if Walter wished.

"Thank you," said he. "And shall I tell you what my mamma

said to me when she was dying: 'Always be afraid of offending God, and never disobey the voice of conscience, lest it should cease to speak to you.'"

"I don't know any thing about those sort of things, so you had better find some one else to listen to your sermons," said Tom, darting out of sight, and leaving little Walter to get back as he could. Grieved at his manner, the poor child sat down to devise some plan for gaining the good will of Tom, until he was roused from his reverie by the sound of the dinner-bell.

In the afternoon he accompanied

his uncle to call on a friend in the neighbouring town, and, in the pleasures of the visit, forgot, for a time, his conversation on the river's brink.

Mr. Lovett's friend was so much pleased with the artless, ingenuous Walter, that he declared he could not part with him yet; accordingly his uncle consented to leave him, promising to send for him in a few days.

Walter spent his time very plea santly; and as he was bidding good bye, he was presented with a small book of prints. No sooner had he reached home than he began to examine his treasure. The first pic-

ture pleased him more than any other, although he did not know what it represented.

"I dare say my aunt can tell me," thought he; so away he ran after her into the garden. "Dear aunt," he began, quite out of breath, "can you tell me the story about this picture?"

"Come with me into the summer-house, my boy," said she, "and then we can look at it properly."

"Look!" said Walter, "here is a beautiful lady, sitting all alone, in such a small, dark room! and through the little grated window I can see water; but it is not the sea, for it is

quite smooth; and there is the opposite shore, and trees, and mountains. Do you know who that lady is, aunt? She looks very sad."

"Yes, my love, she has good cause to look sad; for she was a close prisoner in that strong castle, which was built on a small island, in the midst of a lake. See, she is looking on the distant prospect, longing to be free, and to sit once more on her rightful throne; for she is queen of Scotland!"

"The queen of Scotland, aunt!" said Walter, "and in prison! Why, how is that?"

"Mary (for that was was her

name) lived a long while ago; and at that time of day it was no uncommon thing for the people to put their sovereigns in confinement, if they did not happen to please them.

"Mary was the only child of James V. of Scotland, who died shortly after his daughter's birth. At an early age the young queen was sent to France, where she was educated in the Catholic faith, while the principal part of her subjects had embraced the reformed religion, which was the beginning of many quarrels. When Mary was eighteen years old she returned to her native country. At first she was received

with great joy; but owing to her youth and inexperience, and the turbulence of her ambitious nobles, she was soon overwhelmed with troubles. Lords Ruthven and Lindsay, two wicked men, getting their defenceless queen into their power, conveyed her to this solitary prison. But you will be glad to hear that she did not remain there very long. One evening, while the keeper of the prison was at supper with his family, a young man named George Douglas, got possession of the keys of the castle. Hastening to the apartment of the queen, he conducted her quickly out of her dis-

mal prison, and assisted her into a boat, which was prepared to receive her. Her gallant deliverer threw the keys into the lake, and conveyed the lady in safety to the opposite shore."

"Oh!" said Walter, clapping his hands, "how glad I am she escaped! If I had lived then, I am sure I should have loved that beautiful queen, and have done all I could to serve her. But what happened to her next, dear aunt?"

"An army of faithful followers soon gathered around her, but she did not enjoy her liberty long; for her troops were defeated in the first

encounter with their foes, and poor Mary's last hopes were blighted. Almost heart-broken, she now fled to England, to claim the protection of her cousin, queen Elizabeth; but instead of meeting with mercy, as she had vainly hoped, she was again made prisoner, and was kept in close confinement for many years, until she was cruelly put to death, by order of her jealous rival."

"Put to death!" exclaimed Walter. "Oh, I did not think your story would end so dreadfully as that. I should think queen Elizabeth would never be happy again, after having done such a wicked thing."

"True, my dear, I am afraid she never enjoyed peace of mind afterwards; for it is indeed a fearful thing to take away the life of a fellow-creature, on any pretext."

"Thank you, dear aunt," said Walter. "And now will you talk to me about another picture?"

"I cannot stay any longer now, love. Go and run in the garden."

Walter obeyed, and just then remembering poor Tom, ran to his little room, to fetch the book he wished to give him, and then set off, accompanied by Wallace, to the bottom of the garden. Walter soon espied Tom, who was basking in

the sun, his eyes shaded by an old straw hat.

"Tom," began the little boy, "I have brought you the book I spoke about."

"Very well," said Tom.

"If you will come," continued Walter, "a little higher up the stream, where it is narrower, I can throw it across to you."

"And so," said Tom, yawning, "you think I am going to get up, and walk ever so far, just for a little book."

"Oh, you do not know what pretty pictures it has," replied Walter; "and it tells all about Joseph,

who was sold by his brothers into Egypt; and of David, who was once a shepherd-boy, but became a great king."

"Mighty fine!" said Tom, provokingly, all the while continuing his occupation of catching any unfortunate insect which flew within his grasp.

"Surely," began Walter again, "you are not catching insects!"

"I suppose I am," said Tom.

"Oh, how very cruel!" returned Walter. "Do you not know that they can feel as well as we?"

"Take care how you call me cruel," said Tom.

"I am not afraid," replied Walter, gently; "for I know it is wicked wantonly to hurt or kill any living thing."

"Cruel and wicked!" said Tom, starting up. "I'll not stand this;" and forgetting, in his passion, what he was doing, he threw a sharp stone at little Walter, which struck with force against the back of his hand. Walter bore the violent aching of the cut without a word, and manfully suppressed his tears; feeling nothing but pity for the poor boy, who had never been taught what was right.

Meanwhile, Tom, ashamed at what

he had done, sat silently watching the little boy, as he bathed his hand in the stream, to wash away the blood, and then carefully bound his handkerchief around the wound; and when he raised his eyes to his sweet face, and saw there no signs of anger or resentment, his hard heart was softened, and, in a subdued tone, he expressed his sorrow for what he had done.

"Never mind it now," said Walter. "I dare say you did not mean to hurt me. The cut will soon be better."

"I do not deserve the book now," said Tom.

"Oh! I will give it you with pleasure; only I am afraid I cannot throw it now," replied Walter, glancing at his bandaged hand. Tom's heart smote him anew. "But said Walter, quickly, "I'll tell you how we can manage. Let us go to the stepping-stones, and then you can fetch it."

This arrangement was no sooner made than it was acted upon; and the delight Tom expressed on examining the contents of the book, fully satisfied his little friend. Tom began slowly to spell over the words, often assisted by Walter, who could nearly repeat it from memory. They

continued thus engaged until Tom was summoned home, and Walter, happy at the change which had taken place in his friend, returned to the house to procure a piece of plaister for his hand.

For several succeeding days it rained so incessantly that Walter could not amuse himself out of doors. But the time did not pass heavily, for he was very fond of reading and making little drawings.

One evening he seated himself on a low stool in the window, to look over his favourite picture-book again. "I wonder what this is all about," thought he. "This old woman, sit-

ting before the door, seems very busy with her spinning-wheel; and here is a much younger woman, rocking her baby to sleep; but what is she pointing across the valley for, I wonder. Oh, I suppose she is looking at that man who is coming down the hill, with a curious animal on his back, and a gun in his hand."

Just at this moment Mrs. Lovett entered the room, and asked Walter what he was looking at. He jumped up, and drawing her towards a seat, begged that, if she were not busy, she would tell him what that picture meant. "You see, aunt,

they are all dressed in such a curious way, and the cottage is quite different from any I have ever seen. There are flowers in bloom around the door, and yet those distant mountains are white with snow. It cannot be in England, I think."

"No, my dear," said his aunt; "this represents a view in Swizerland, which you know is a very mountainous country. Even in the middle of summer, when the valleys are smiling with verdure, the summits of many of the mountains are covered with snow. Sad accidents frequently happen in warm weather, by large masses of snow becoming

detached, and rolling down the mountain-side, increasing and hardening as they fall, burying cottages in their progress, and sometimes sweeping away whole villages."

"But the poor people," interrupted Walter, "can they escape, or are they buried too?"

"Many lives have been lost in this awful manner," replied Mrs. Lovett, "although great pains are mostly taken to dig away the snow, and extricate the sufferers."

"And now will you tell me," said Walter, pointing to the picture, "what this man is carrying?"

"Yes, my dear; he is a hunter,

and is now returning home at the close of the day, laden with the fruits of the chase. It is a young chamois, a kind of goat which inhabits the highest parts of the Alps and Pyrenees. They live together in small flocks of from ten to twelve, and are very active and expert at leaping, often crossing chasms of many feet in width. The bold hunters frequently hazard their lives in the pursuit of these animals; sometimes creeping along narrow precipices with scarcely any foothold, or scaling almost perpendicular rocks, in order to approach near enough to fire upon them; but this

is extremely difficult, their sense of hearing being very acute. So many of the hardy inhabitants of this alpine region subsist by the chase, that the chamois have now become very scarce, and it is feared that the race will soon be extinct. But I see you are getting tired and ready for bed, so run and ask Mary to attend to you."

From some cause or other, it happened that Walter and Tom did not meet again for several weeks. The weather had become much colder, and Walter was glad to use active exercise.

One morning he went with his

aunt to make a call in the neighbourhood, and was allowed to explore the garden, which he much preferred to sitting still in-doors. He ran first down one gravel path, and then another, till he was almost tired, and began to look about for a seat. "Oh, what a pretty place!" cried he, stopping before a little rustic arbour formed of the knotted boughs of trees, the interstices being filled with twigs and moss. "I think," continued Walter, thinking aloud, "if my uncle would let the gardener help me, we could make just such a place on the bank of our river. I know there

are a great many rough branches in the wood-house, and I can find plenty of moss. Walter examined the structure inside and out, that he might be able to give James a clear description of it. "I see," said he, "that the seat is nothing more than the stump of a tree made smooth at the top."

He was still pondering the matter, when he was told that his aunt was ready to go home. Directly he arrived there, he began to search for his uncle. After a little while, he found him in the coach-house, giving some direction to a servant. Walter began to speak.

"Wait a minute, my little man; I shall soon be at liberty," said Mr. Lovett. "There's a good, patient boy," said he, patting his cheek; "and now tell me your urgent business."

Walter explained to his uncle what he had seen, and his wish to make an arbour like it.

"It is so very simple," said he, earnestly.

"Let us go and consult James," said his uncle; "for he must be the managing man, I expect."

Walter, full of delight, skipped and jumped about while the discussion was going forward, and grate-

fully thanked his uncle, on hearing him give James full permission to take as much wood, or whatever else he might want for the purpose.

"And now, my little overseer," said he, "show us where this grand building is to be erected."

Walter led the way to his favourite spot, and a suitable place being selected, the important work was begun. But it was not quite such a speedy operation as he had expected; for James was first obliged to make deep holes, and drive the stakes firmly into the earth, lest the first high wind should carry the whole concern away.

The frame-work of the arbour being finished, and the boughs bent over at the top, in the form of an arch, nothing remained to be done but to interweave them with smaller and more pliant branches; and Walter was proud to be told that he might now be of some use, by collecting such from the wood-house, and conveying them to the river-side in his little wheel-barrow. In the space of two or three days the arbour was completed, greatly to Walter's delight, who was sure it was quite as pretty as the one he had first seen. Away he now ran to look for his aunt, who admired it

much, and sat down on the comfortable seat within, to consult with the little boy by what name it was to be called.

"Let it be Walter's Bower, dear aunt," said he.

"If you like it, my dear," she replied; "but I must confess it does not look very bowery at present."

"No, aunt," said Walter; "but the gardener has promised that he will plant some creepers around it, and in the spring he will give me some convolvolus and sweet-pea seeds to sow; so you see it will soon answer to its name."

"Very well, dear. Then 'Wal-

ter's Bower' it shall be called," said she, kissing him.

It was on one of those bright autumn mornings, which seem to impart joy and freshness to every living thing, that Walter, released from his studies at an early hour, ran with hoop and dog two or three times round the garden, until, panting for breath, he threw himself down on the seat of his rustic arbour.

The sun was shining brightly on the clear stream, every pebble in its bed being distinctly visible. The little birds twittered gaily in the boughs overhead, or hopped briskly

about, searching for seeds and insects; while some were busily engaged, washing and pluming their feathers on the river's brink. Walter was attentively watching them when he was accosted by Tom. He started up, and expressing his surprise at not having seen him for so long a time, thought his friend had quite forgotten him.

"Oh! no, indeed," replied Tom; "but I have been so ill since I saw you last, and this is the first time I have been able to walk so far."

"Oh! Tom," said Walter, with concern, "I wish I had known that; for I am sure my aunt would have

taken me to see you. Why did you not let me know?"

"I did not like to take the liberty," said Tom, "after I had behaved so ill to you. But I am so much obliged to you, Master Walter, for that pretty book. I read it over and over again, when I could not get up, and mother said it kept me from being cross."

"I am very glad of it," said Walter; "but would you not like to read the Bible, which tells about so many good men, and teaches us how to be like them?"

"Very much," replied Tom.

"I will ask my aunt, then," said

Walter. "I dare say she can give you one. But, Tom, have you noticed my pretty bower?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I have been admiring it; and now that the cold weather is coming, it will be a nice shelter for you, while you are talking to me."

"That is just why I had it made here," said Walter, walking a few paces off and surveying it with pleasure. But there is the dinner-bell. I must run home now. Good bye, Tom. I will not forget to ask my aunt about the Bible." Away he went, followed by the thanks of his grateful friend.

At the conclusion of dinner Walter related to his kind aunt what had passed between himself and Tom, telling her of his desire of possessing a Bible.

"I am going to the town this afternoon, my dear," said she, "and then we will see what can be done."

On hearing this, Walter repaired to his room, and opening a little drawer of treasures, took out his money-box, to see how much it contained. Returning to his aunt he emptied its contents into her lap, asking if there would be enough to buy Tom a pair of warm worsted stockings; "for do you know, dear

aunt," he continued, "he had none at all on, when I saw him to-day."

"Yes, Walter, here is more than enough for that purpose," said she.

"Then," replied he quickly, "I can buy a comforter for his neck as well; for he must be very cold when he goes out fishing with his father."

Mrs. Lovett pressed her little boy to her bosom, delighted to behold the active benevolence which appeared in all his actions.

"Your dear mamma taught you to love the poor, did she not, Walter?" said she.

"Oh! yes," he replied, his eyes filling with tears; "she said we

must do all in our power to help them; and she often took me with her when she went to visit them."

"Always remember, my child, what your dear papa and mamma have taught you, and then you will be a happy little boy, and every one will love you. But now we will prepare for our ride, or we shall not have time to make our purchases before it is dark. To-morrow morning we can go and see Tom at his home."

"Thank you, dearest aunt," said Walter; "but," he added, with a doubtful expression of countenance, "I am afraid you cannot crawl

through those thick bushes, to get to the stepping-stones: it was quite a job for me to do it."

Mrs. Lovett laughed, and told him she hoped there would be no necessity for her doing that, as she knew of a bridge that crossed the stream, a short distance beyond the garden-palings.

"Oh, that is right," said Walter, laughing too.

While Mrs. Lovett was looking at some Bibles in the bookseller's shop, she told Walter he might choose a picture, to add to his collection, from a portfolio which was lying on the counter. He began carefully

to turn them over, but could not quite make up his mind.

"This is very pretty," thought he, taking up one which represented a little girl standing in a beautiful garden. She had a bird-cage in her hand, from which she had just let fly a little robin, who had flown to a neighbouring spray, and seemed thanking her for his liberty.

"But, no, I will not choose that," said he to himself, "for there will be nothing to tell about it. This curious foreign-looking place must be the one."

"Are you ready, my dear?" said his aunt. "Then I wish you would

just step out, and ask Millar to put up the head of the chaise, for it is getting quite cold."

As they rode home, Walter was glad to creep close to his aunt, and to twist the end of her boa round his neck, for a cutting north-wind blew directly in their faces. As they passed some poor half-clothed beggars, sitting by the road-side, his little heart was filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good, for all the comforts he enjoyed. It was almost dark when they reached home; a cheerful fire was blazing in the parlour, and the servant had just carried in the tea-things. Mr.

Lovett was enjoying his comfortable fire-side when Walter entered: laying down the newspaper, he took the little boy between his knees, and began to chafe his cold hands.

"Well, and what have you seen," said he, "any thing particular?"

"No, uncle," said Walter. "But look what a pretty picture my aunt has given me!"

"Dear me," said Mr. Lovett, "let me see what it's all about."

"Oh, I can tell you!" replied Walter. "Here are two men, with their hair tied up behind and hanging down their backs, like long tails;

and one wears a wide-brimmed straw hat, with hardly any crown. They are pushing from shore in a boat. But can you tell me, uncle, what birds those are which are perched on the oars and the edge of the boat? They seem very tame."

"I will tell you all about it, after tea, my dear; for here comes your aunt, and she looks as if she were ready for some refreshment."

"And I am sure I am," said Walter, drawing his chair to the table.

As soon as the urn was removed, Walter again produced his picture.

"Those men," began Mr. Lovett,

" whose appearance seems to amuse my little boy so much, are Chinese. They are just setting out on a fishing expedition. The birds, which are perched on the boat are cormorants, and are the principal actors in the scene, as you shall presently hear; for without them their masters would catch but few fish, I fancy, for you see they are unprovided with nets or lines. The cormorants are expert swimmers and divers, and are so trained as to render these qualities of the greatest service to their owners. On a signal being given, the birds immediately leave the boat, and dive after

their prey with wonderful swiftness. When they have secured a fish they carry it in their beaks to the boat. If the fish be too heavy, they assist each other; one seizing the head and another the tail, the boatman stretches out an oar, on which they perch, and are then delivered of their burden."

"How very singular!" exclaimed Walter, who had listened with much interest to the recital. But do the cormorants never help themselves to any of the fish they catch, uncle?"

"We cannot give them much credit for honesty, Walter; for their masters, knowing what voracious

appetites they possess, take the precaution of fastening a leather strap round the lower part of their necks, to prevent them swallowing their prey. However, when their work is done, they are amply rewarded by some fishes being thrown up in the air for them, which they can catch very cleverly as they fall."

"Is there any thing else you wish explained, Walter?" said his uncle, seeing that he continued examining the picture.

"I was thinking about this curious building," said Walter, "which seems to have so many roofs one

above another, with curious ornaments, like bells, hanging from each corner."

"That is a pagoda, or temple, where the Chinese perform their idol-worship; for, as yet, few of them know the true God. But you will be glad to hear that many Christian men have left their native countries, to teach these poor, deluded heathens the sinfulness of bowing down to images of wood and stone, and we cannot too earnestly desire that their labours may be blest."

"Thank you, dear uncle," said Walter. "I do not think I shall

forget what you have told me this evening."

When Walter retired to bed that night, it was with a sweet feeling of thankfulness to his heavenly Father and earthly friends; and as he laid his head on his pillow, he wished that every one had as comfortable a bed to rest upon.

"It is not every one that deserves it as well," said Mary, as she bade him good night.

"Oh, pray do not say so!" said he. "I am sure I am not so good as I ought to be; and often, when I feel naughty, I do not strive against it as I should do."

"You are a dear little fellow," said Mary to herself, as she closed the door.

When Walter entered the breakfast-parlour on the following morning, his cheeks glowing from a ramble in the garden, his uncle called him to his side, saying, "What was that little hymn I heard you singing, my dear, as I stood at my open window just now?"

"It was one dear mamma taught me when she was ill," said Walter; "and I often sing it over to myself, that I may not forget it."

"Will you repeat it to me, dear," said his uncle. "I should like to hear it."

"Oh yes," said Walter, cheerfully, and immediately began.

"The first bright gleam of sunlight
Is rising o'er the sea;
The stars, that gem the silent night,
Fade in its brilliancy.

The flowers ope their radiant eyes,
Sparkling with drops of dew,
Like tears that in our childhood rise,
With smiles all beaming through.

Hark! from the distant wood ascending,
Is heard the music sweet
Of many a bird, their voices blending,
The coming morn to greet.

Oh! let the flowers, who, morn by morn,
Thus hail the orb of day,
Teach thee, my boy, at early dawn,
Thy thanks to Heaven to pay.

The small birds teach *this* lesson too—
When from thy sleep thou wakes,
Oh! give to God the glory due,
For all the tender care he takes.

His watchful eye has guarded thee
Throughout the midnight gloom,
For this my child should thankful be,
And crave his care in days to come."

"Thank you, Walter," said Mr. Lovett. "You have repeated it very nicely. And now to breakfast; for here comes your aunt, I see."

"And now, Walter," said Mrs. Lovett, when the morning lessons were concluded, "run for your hat, and I will accompany you to see Tom."

Walter was not slow in obeying, and was waiting at the hall-door when his aunt appeared, equipped for the walk. They proceeded along the lane until they reached a field, across which they had to pass; Walter, who was full of spirits, running races, now behind now before, with his dog. They arrived at the extremity of the field long before Mrs. Lovett; and Walter, climbing over the stile, saw the little bridge just before him. It was a very simple construction, consisting merely of a few stout planks, with a hand-rail on each side. The little boy advanced to the middle, and then

stood still to admire the beauties of the spot. Many stately trees stretched their long branches over the water, their rich autumnal tints clearly reflected in its glassy surface. On turning round, a different scene presented itself. The channel of the river became much encumbered with stones, which impeded the flow of the water, and caused it to froth and foam, as if in mock anger. The steep, overhanging banks were covered with low brushwood, on which the morning dew was still glistening.

"This is a beautiful spot, is it not, Walter?" said Mrs. Lovett, as

she reached the bridge. "Look at that long line of sunshine on the water, how dazzling it is! and on the deep blue sky there is not a cloud to be seen. Of whom should all these lovely things remind us, my love?"

"Of Him who made them, dear aunt," said Walter.

"Yes, my boy; and if they fail to do that, we do not deserve to enjoy them."

After a short rest they again resumed their walk, and in a few minutes were in sight of the fisherman's cottage. Its outward appearance gave few indications of finding

neatness or comfort within. They soon discovered the object of their visit, seated a few paces from the door, mending his father's nets. He arose at their approach, and asking them to take seats within the cottage, was running to tell his mother of their arrival.

"Our business is with you, Tom," said Mrs. Lovett. "My little Walter has interested me on your behalf; and at his request I have brought you a Bible, which I earnestly hope will be of service to you."

Tom expressed his thanks for this unmerited kindness.

"Let me advise you," continued Mrs. Lovett, kindly, "to read a portion of this sacred book every morning and evening. I think you will soon find it so pleasant a duty that you will not like to omit it; and if you seek for a better help than your own to guide you, it will surely be blest to your soul."

Tom did not speak, for his heart seemed full; and notwithstanding his efforts to suppress them, tears stood in his eyes.

"Can I help you in any way, my good boy?" said Mrs. Lovett; and Walter, slipping his little hand into Tom's, asked him what was the

matter. Looking round to see that no one was near, he told his kind friends, that he was not happy at home; for his mother was never satisfied with his endeavours to please, and his father being mostly from home, he was completely under her controul; "and, continued he, "since Master Walter gave me that nice book, which I read so many times during my illness, I have tried not to answer her angrily, when she is in a passion, which happens almost every day."

Mrs. Lovett encouraged him to pursue this line of conduct, as it was the only way to disarm his

mother's displeasure. Walter now, with a simple and modest air, presented his gifts, which Tom received with delight, thanking the donor over and over again. When Mrs. Lovett took her leave, she told Tom to come to her house on the day after to-morrow, as she wished to speak further to him.

Meanwhile she resolved in her mind for permanently benefitting the poor boy, by removing him from home, where he was exposed to such a bad example. This kind lady had a brother who commanded a large merchant-vessel, which was soon about to set sail for a long

voyage. She immediately wrote to him, requesting to know if he could engage her little Walter's protégé, as a cabin-boy, or in any other capacity, on board his ship. Mrs. Lovett received a favourable answer before Tom's arrival. He brought a basket of shells and sea-weed of his own collecting, as an offering for Master Walter, if he thought them worth having. Walter was much pleased, and ran off to his own room to arrange them.

Mrs. Lovett began conversing with Tom, and soon discovered that he had quite an inclination for a seafaring life, and that he knew

his father would be very glad to get him a situation, but that, as he possessed no influence, it was not an easy matter.

When Tom heard what Mrs. Lovett had in view for him, his eyes sparkled with pleasure: the prospect of a long voyage, in a large vessel, seemed to him the height of enjoyment. He listened attentively, when he was told that his happiness did not wholly depend on the outward circumstances in which he might be placed, but on his own good conduct; that, on ship-board, implicit obedience to his officers was expected, and all his

duties must be punctually performed; but that, if he proved a good and honest boy, he would find a kind master and friend in Captain Forrester.

"And now," continued Mrs. Lovett, "go home and consult your father about our plan; and tell him, if he wishes for any further particulars, to come to me."

Tom never repaired to the sea-side, to watch for his father's return, with so light a heart as on that evening; and when he saw the pleasure he felt, and that he had no objection to offer, his own joy increased.

Early on the ensuing morning Tom's father made his appearance at Mr. Lovett's, to return his grateful thanks for the kindness shown to his son, and to enquire how soon the vessel sailed, and from what port.

"She sails in about a week from Portsmouth," said Mrs. Lovett; "so that there is no time to spare. I intend going to see my brother before he leaves England, and thought of taking Tom with me, that we may have time to get what he will want for the voyage. Will you ask his mother to get all his things ready as soon as possible, and to

send them to me. I will let you know on what day we must set out."

The fisherman bowed respectfully, and promising that all should be ready on their part, took his leave.

The few intervening days were passed in busy preparation. One afternoon Walter brought down a number of books, and asked his aunt if they might be packed up for Tom to read on the voyage, as he had quite done with them himself. Permission was readily granted, for Mrs. Lovett would not check the kind disposition of the little boy.

Walter was included among the

party who were going to Portsmouth, much to his satisfaction; and the delight and wonder he expressed at all he saw there, was only equalled by Tom's, who had never before been ten miles from his little cottage. The noble vessel was an object of the greatest interest to both. Captain Forrester answered all Walter's questions with great kindness, taking him to every part of his floating home. And when the time came for them to part, Walter found that he loved the kind gentleman so much, that his affectionate heart was quite pained. As the captain lifted him

into the boat which was to convey them ashore, he unclapsed his little arms from his neck, and kissing his cheek, told him not to fret; for he hoped to see him again, some day, when he returned from India.

And now we must bid adieu to little Walter O'Niel, for his early life glided smoothly away under the tender care of his kind friends.

When, in after years, he revisited that quiet, little church-yard in Ireland, and seated himself between the graves of his revered parents, gazing on the now moss-covered stones, which told the stranger who slept beneath, tears, pure as those

he shed in childhood, dimmed his eyes. With humble gratitude he thanked his heavenly Father for his mercies, and prayed for a continuance of them, until he should be again united to those dear departed ones, whose memory was still so fresh before him.

THE END.

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